

JEAN ELIOT'S  
LETTERA Chronicle  
of Society

SUSAN DEAR—Such a week as we have before us! The Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing will give a dinner on Wednesday evening, the second of the series which they are arranging in honor of the diplomats; the Secretary of War and Mrs. Garrison have a dinner the same evening; not to mention Senator and Mrs. Willard Saulsbury's reception to the members of the Senate; there will be three debutante functions during the week—Ruth Lester's on the 15th, Margherita Tillman on the 16th, and on the 17th Mrs. Neale's tea to present her daughter, Katherine Burdette. And the week will culminate in a blaze of glory with four performances of grand opera, and the marriage of the President and Mrs. Galt on Saturday.

Probably half Washington and most of the folk from the country round about will attend the ceremony on the 17th in front of Mrs. Galt's house. Those who will be actually invited are few and far between, just the immediate families of the bride and bridegroom and three or four intimates—Eleanor Wilson McAdoo, Francis Woodrow Sayre, and Josephine Cochrane. I'm also told that old Mammy Tiddle, who "nursed" little Edith Bolling as a baby and who pinned the orange blossoms on her wedding veil the day she was married to Norman Galt, will be an honored guest at the wedding, and will perform the office of maid for her mistress on the important day. Of Mrs. Galt, Mammy Tiddle says: "Some folks can fool de white folks 'bout quality, but dey can't fool de niggers. She was bring up by a nigger mammy, and thank God she ain't forgot her raisin'."

It's opera as is opera that we are to have this week, Susan Mine. The Boston Opera Company is a splendid aggregation of artists; Madame Tamaki Miura, the Japanese song bird, will add a touch of pathos to the role of Cio-Cio San by her very nationality, and then on Saturday for a bonne bouche we'll have Mrs. Hemmick's ballet "L'Ecole en ermine," with the one and only Pavlova, which promises to be very charming. Pavlova and her Imperial Ballet Russe are to appear at every performance, and that alone would be worth the price of admission.

Moreover, this will be opera as is opera for those whose particular concern is to see and to be seen. Every box in the theater has been sold and most of them for the season. The Russian Ambassador and Madame Bakhteff are among the boxholders, and the Japanese Ambassador and his wife, Countess Chinda, who have one box for the season, have engaged an extra box and thirty-six seats for "Madame Butterfly" when Tamaki Miura sings. Of course, the Hemmicks have a box, also Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Mrs. Parmelee, the Edson Bradleys, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leiter. They have two, in fact, but they had to take them in the second row, as they sold so fast. Ever so many people are planning dinners before the performance, and, of course, the boxholders will entertain parties every evening, so a gala week is in prospect. Also it is certain that strong boxes will be emptied of jewels and we will have such a display of gems as has not been seen in Washington in many months. Perhaps the famous emeralds will even wear her famous emeralds. The President has signified his intention of attending the first night, accompanied by Mrs. Galt, and it is probable that the box reserved for the White House will be turned over to some of the wedding guests on Friday evening and also on the evening after the ceremony. Nobody knows just what time the wedding will take place, but it will surely be by opera time. Altogether it promises to be very gay, and I expect to get out my one diamond—It's set in a ring and a little finger ring at that—for the occasion.

Helen McCumber's luncheon for Julia Fay—I somehow can't bring myself to call her Mrs. Colquhoun—and Sallie Williams' luncheon was ever so good. And such a prettiness. The girls, there were nearly twenty of them, seated themselves in congenial groups about small tables and between courses they got up and danced, just girls together. The music was delightful and the scene was very pretty; the big room with its ornate table, from which the buffet luncheon was served, being gay with pink shaded candles and fluffy pink chrysanthemums; and the slim, graceful girls promising together and occasionally trying out a fancy step for the conventional ballroom floor. The two honor guests, Mrs. John Roach, of Baltimore, and one or two other girls from out of town were at the hostess's table, and Mrs. McCumber presided at a table where Mrs. Hampton Gary, Anna Perin, Flood, and a favored few were seated.

It was borne in upon me particularly on this occasion how marked is this season's vogue for little white hats. I counted no less than eight, for or five of them grouped about one table. Dorothy Shaver and Elizabeth Arden both wore wee white feather turbans, with Mercury wings posed at the back; Maxwell Church had a small white satin model, with a smart, dashing little feather ornament, while Mrs. Ashmeade Fuller, Catherine Birney, now Mrs. James Hale Strong, Ellie Levene, and one or two others followed the mode of which the difference of material—satin, feathers, and beaver being favorites—lent variety.

Pauline Stone's hat was quite different from the rest, though likewise all white, a mushroom shape in satin, wreathed with white flowers. Mrs. Ashmeade Fuller—she was Judith Norment, you know, had on a gown of wine-colored chiffon and chiton velvet in Roman stripes which a few weeks ago almost caused Jean Eliot to "bungle" a fashionable F street shop.

Jeanette Cowan—such a winsome little person—sat at my left and nearby was Maitland Marshall Knapp, the two having much to talk about in the matter of Dorothy Arkwright's debut in Atlanta. Dorothy, you may remember, is Maitland's cousin and it seems she and Jeanette are very good friends. The little debutante is torn between the distaste for leaving Washington in the middle of her first season and a desire to visit her chum in Atlanta, a town where the entertaining begins at 10 a. m. and ends with breakfast, and which, it is said, offers a girl the best time of any city in the United States.



MISS BARBARA KAUFFMANN.

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Kauffmann. Her engagement to Lewis Newton Murray, of Dunkirk, N. Y., was recently announced, and the marriage will take place in the spring.

Dorothy will probably come to Washington later in the winter to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Marshall, but the "when" is still unsettled. By the way, everybody was talking about how slight Callie Hoke Smith is these days. She has lost pounds and pounds and it is certainly becoming. She is a wonderfully graceful dancer, and looked particularly well with Lillian Hendrick. Lillian's tea cards are out for December 27, the party having been postponed from the 23d. The change seems sensible, for the last few days before Christmas are always so crowded—and the way of the Christmas shopper is hard enough, in all conscience.

Several of the little coterie of people who were dubbed the "court set" in Annapolis a year or two ago will come together in Washington this winter, after having been more or less scattered ever since. Such is the way of the navy. Captain and Mrs. Gibbons, whose regime at the Naval Academy was so very brilliant, are settled here now, and the several women of the little court circle will be at the Capital this winter are handsome Mrs. Roscoe Fulmer, Mrs. Kenneth Castleman and little Mrs. Charles Snyder. Their husbands are all doing sea service at present, so they will probably play smaller part in the social game than might be expected of such prominent young matrons.

Rear Admiral Fullam, who succeeded Captain Gibbons at the Naval Academy—at least I think he did, but there have been so many changes in such a short time that I may well have skipped a superintendent of two or three years in the thick of things in California. He was recently the guest of honor at a dinner given in the red room of the Bohemian Club, when the hosts were a number of men who had been midshipmen with him at the Naval Academy. Rear Admiral Charles P. Pond was the only one present, with the exception of Admiral Fullam, who is now in active service. Although Captain Eberle, the new superintendent, and Mrs. Eberle have been but a short time in Annapolis, they have already made their presence felt and will undoubtedly be very popular. They entertain quite charmingly, and Mrs. Eberle's Wednesday afternoons at home have already become an institution. She is a very gracious and charming hostess to every one who enters her doors. There is a very persistent rumor that Captain Eberle's son, Edward Randolph Eberle, is engaged to pretty Mildred North, the little girl from Providence, who was Mrs. Eberle's guest for a long time before she left Washington for Annapolis, and who attended the Army and Navy game with Captain and Mrs. Eberle and their party.

Speaking of navy people, we are all delighted that Lieut. Commander Needham L. Jones, who was aide to the Secretary of the Navy, is back home again after a long siege at the hospital. His nervous breakdown of a year or more ago reached serious proportions and for a time his family and friends were greatly worried, but he is now well on the way to recovery. Mrs. Jones, who was Minna Cromwell, Admiral Cromwell's daughter, is positively beaming since her husband's return.

Senator Phelan's sister, Miss Phelan, who is his chataleine, is, I understand, a semi-invalid and need not be expected to undertake very strenuous social duties; but in the case of his niece, Gladys Sullivan, who is to spend the winter with him, it is quite another matter. Friends of mine who know her tell me that she is a truly delightful

person, talented, cultivated, original, dowered with a highly developed social gift, and possessed of that indefinable something called charm. She has traveled extensively and in California is a good deal of a personage.

The Glover baby was christened the other day—dear me, it scarcely seems possible, but it must have been nearly two weeks ago. The young Carroll Glovers selected two names for their small daughter, Marian Irene, the first for the mother, who was Marian Wise, and Irene for Mrs. Glover's aunt, Mrs. Newlands, with whom she made her home before her marriage. The christening ceremony took place at St. Alban's Church and afterward there was a breakfast at the attractive home of the young people have recently built near Westover, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Glover's place.

Of course Mr. and Mrs. Glover were there—they think their grandchild is the only baby in the world—also Senator and Mrs. Newlands; and Mr. Glover's aunt, Mrs. Shriver, a dear old lady over ninety years of age, was one of the most interested guests.

The American ambassador to Spain, Joseph E. Willard, with Mrs. Willard and their daughter, will spend Christmas in this country. Mrs. Willard and Elizabeth left Madrid some time ago for Buenos Aires, Argentina, to visit present, so they will probably play smaller part in the social game than might be expected of such prominent young matrons.

Kate DuBoise is going up to New York this week for Florence Selden's marriage to Richard Denery, of New York, which is scheduled for Saturday—the day of the President's marriage to Mrs. Galt. The wedding is to be solemnized at All Angels' Church and a breakfast at Sherry's will follow, but the ceremony is to be quite simple and Katie will be the only attendant. She will be the guest of Florence's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen L. Selden. Several gay parties will precede the wedding, notably a dinner and dance at Sherry's on Friday evening, and from all accounts Kate has a wonderful time in prospect.

Listen, Susan, to a tale of woe, but don't you ever say I told you. It's about Major Lowe, and I'll give it to you just as it reached my ear. The major, it seems, was in New York just prior to the sailing of Henry Ford's Argosy of Peace. He suddenly conceived the idea of telling Mr. Ford just how the whole affair impressed him as a man and a soldier. I think he was afraid that he might be "took up" for misuse of the mails if he put his burning thoughts down on paper. Anyway, he called in person, found Mr. Ford out and departed after leaving his card. Some two shows the gallant major, with scorn in his heart for the whole performance, looking over the papers, to find his name well up in the list of the peace advocates sailing aboard the Oscar II! This being a ladylike chronicle, I cannot repeat just what the major wrote to Mr. Ford, but I am credibly informed that he took his chances on sending incendiary matter through the mails. Moreover, none of his Ford-owning friends now dare so near him, and I am told that the jitters rhy when they meet him in the street.

Thomas Mott Osborne was only in town thirty-six hours, but he managed to meet the people most worth meeting and to convey to them a very excellent idea of the great work he is going for prison reform. His address before the Civic Federation on Monday morning was most interesting, but even more delightful was the informal

talk and discussion which evolved from the tea party which his hostess—she stopped with Col. and Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, you know—arranged for him on Monday afternoon. There was a luncheon first, with the Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing, the Franklin Roosevelt, former Ambassador Henry White, and such important folk among the guests. Some of them remained on through the afternoon, others returned in time for the tea and then, of course, there were additional guests; not a great many, for Mrs. Hopkins' house is not very large, and like all really talented hostesses she abhors a crush, but a gathering of really representative Washingtonians.

There was tea, of course, with all its accompanying dainties, but mostly there was talk. Everybody was interested in hearing of Mr. Osborne's experiences and views; his auditors were thinking people who knew something of the subject so close to his heart and he encountered just enough opposition—opposition to some of his theories, bien entendu—to put him on his mettle. In the evening came the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Roosevelt's dinner. Then next morning he was off for the return trip to New York, leaving the impression that his only disappointing thing about his visit was its brief duration.

A number of friends of the distinguished savant, Dr. Edward Lee Greene, who died last month, will be the guests of Mrs. Margaret B. Downing this afternoon at her home in Brookland. The occasion will be the reading of the will of the late Dr. Greene, a walk through the Colorado desert, which the renowned botanist wrote in his diary in 1870. From this diary and from notes and fragments, Dr. Joseph Dunn, professor of Gaelic at the Catholic University, has compiled an interesting knute Nelson of Minnesota, who was Dr. Greene's friend from his tenth year and throughout his life of more than twenty years, will give some entertaining memories of the great botanist's boyhood and his first studies in the science of which he afterward became a master. A delightful medley of scholars and social lights, of clerics and laymen, and women who have responded to Mrs. Downing's invitation, and some of them will present a phase of the dead scientist's life not generally known.

Dr. Greene was one of the greatest linguists of his time, and would have ranked as a philologist of international renown had he chosen to specialize in that direction. His private correspondence was carried on in a dozen different languages, and he was a fellow of almost every learned society in this country and Europe. Among those who were proud to be counted among Dr. Greene's friends, and who will be present to hear his paper, are the Postmaster General and Mrs. Burleson, the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Carl Vrooman, Senator and Mrs. Ashurst, Senator Nelson and Miss Nelson, Mrs. Thomas H. Carter, the Rev. Dr. Burns, of the Holy Cross College; the Rev. John H. Zahn, the renowned scientist; the Rev. Henry J. Shandelle, of Georgetown; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Coville, Dr. Nacato, of France; Dickson, the Rev. Thomas Moore, of St. Paul's, and some twenty former colleagues of the eminent botanist from the Smithsonian Institution and the Agricultural Department. There will be about fifty guests in all, and after the reading of the paper tea will be served. Miss Annette Hull, Miss Katherine Noel, and Miss Madeline Gaynor will do the honors at the tea table.

Mrs. Sidney Ballou is to have a tea party this afternoon, one of the very charming affairs she gives once in a while, at which there is Hawaiian music and things are done as much as possible after the manner in vogue in Honolulu, which is home to Judge and Mrs. Ballou for several months in each year. Moreover, most of the guests will be recruited from among the members of the Congressional party which visited

Hawaii in the spring. Mrs. Eveleth Winslow, Mrs. Charles L. Hussey, Mrs. Horace Lutton, Jr., and one or two others will assist in dispensing hospitality.

Judge and Mrs. Ballou also have invitations out for a dinner in honor of Secretary and Mrs. Lane on the 15th, and after that they will devote themselves to preparations for a royal old-time Christmas celebration which will revolve about their young daughter, Betty Burnett, who will be home for the holidays. She will have three young guests with her, Natalia and Grika Fisher, and their brother, Evan Fisher, who are attending school in the East and cannot make the long trip home for the holidays. All sorts of jollifications are in order, and on December 23 Judge and Mrs. Ballou will give a dinner dance in honor of the young people.

Mrs. Albert L. Mills will not receive tomorrow afternoon, as is her custom on Mondays during the season, on account of the mass meeting at Continental Hall in behalf of the American hospital in Tokyo, Japan, at which Dr. Tausler will speak. Mrs. Mills is on the committee and is tremendously interested in the efforts to raise funds for the support of the hospital. Miss Kibbey is in charge of arrangements and has met with an amazing response, considering the haste with which all preparations had to be made. All the ladies of the Cabinet are among the patronesses and the worthwhile people are showing a great deal of interest in the success of the undertaking.

The first Monday german in Baltimore was made notable by the presence of most of the younger dancing men. This was something of an innovation, as the older beaux usually have things their own way in such affairs and not infrequently the debutantes are escorted by the bachelor uncles or elderly cousins. On this occasion it is the social standing of the debutante's partner and not his dexterity on the floor that is of consequence.

As always, the first german was very brilliant. Its distinctive feature is the first appearance, on parade as it were, of all the season's debutantes who make pretense to position or consequence, and we have nothing here quite like it. The scene, of course, was charming, with all the pretty girls in their fluffy tulle frocks and the very walls were covered with their bouquets ranged on racks behind their chairs. There were several lovely girls among the buds, but none prettier, I thought, than Lillian Hendrick, who was there with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Hendrick, and who had beaux galore.

Dorothea Pennington was one of the most attractive of the Baltimore buds, little "Dick" Pennington we used to call her in the old days at Monterey, and verily it makes me feel ancient to see her all grown up and formally presented to society. Then there was Mary Virginia Wallis, first cousin to Virginia Wallis, who lives round the corner from me in Corcoran street. She, the debutante, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Tisel Wallis, Pennsylvania railroad people, who are now living in Altoona, Pa.

She is spending the winter and having her first taste of society in Baltimore, the old home of her family. She is a most attractive person and is, by the way, a close friend of Julia Colquhoun's sister-in-law, Mrs. Edward Heil, who also lives in Altoona. Prosper Tabb was her partner and Dorothea Pennington was dancing with one of the Fisher boys.

The first person I ran into was Dr. Montgomery Earle Higgins, U. S. N., who used to be stationed in Washington, dancing with Helen Scott Payne; then I saw Edith Gracie's friends, Almy and Lenthall Gifford, and all at once I found myself in the heart of a group of Washingtonians, Mrs. George Barnett, Helen McCumber, the junior Myron Parkers, the Elaine Elkins, Jack Deibert, Major and Mrs. Russell, Mr. Constantini of the Greek legation, and a half dozen other diplomats. Catherine Burdette was another Washington debutante who right well upheld the honor of her city.

One of the sweetest of the out-of-town

buds was little Helen Pierce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winslow S. Pierce, of Long Island, whose mother was a Baltimore girl, Miss Grace Williams. The Pierces are old friends of Maggie Hanan's and we stopped over with them on our return from our memorable trip to Sweden. They have a wonderful place at Oyster Bay and the girls—there are three of them—are great belles in the Piping Rock colony. The eldest, Allison, now Mrs. Louis B. Moore, was also in Baltimore for the german. She was bridesmaid for Vivian Gould when she married Lord Decies several years ago.

Amateur theatricals, you know, Sue, have been all the rage around Washington for the last two seasons, but Hazel MacKay has undertaken by far the most ambitious project that any girl of her years has yet conceived. Of course you have heard of the Susan B. Anthony pageant, which is to be given on the largest stage Washington has yet seen, with 400 people in it, at Convention Hall tomorrow night. For the past month Hazel has hardly eaten, slept, or paused for breath. For it is she who conceived the pageant idea, arranged it, adapted the incidental music for it, and yesterday came the climax, when she sat down and wrote the verses to go with the music.

In planning the stage settings she called to her old friend Clark—you remember he helped stage Mrs. Hemmick's "The Oplum Pipe"—and I am told he has done some wonderful settings, all in black and white, and much after the Granville Barker style.

Hazel MacKay, you know, has been much in Washington, though her home is in what she calls a "sleepy little Massachusetts town," Shirley. She arranged the pageant on the Treasury steps at the time of President Wilson's inauguration.

She has done dozens of others, and the one in which she outdid herself, you know, was the great pageant at the fiftieth anniversary of Vassar. She is coming to be almost as well known as her brother, Percy MacKay, not to mention her ardent suitor, Slater-in-law, Mrs. Jessie Hardy MacKay, whose husband, Benton MacKay, works in the forestry service here. Of course, you remember Percy MacKay, if not for his poetry, for that delightful satire on Shakespeare's plays and preambles, in "Anti-Matrimony."

As for this pageant, the new thing about it is that it is the first pageant written entirely about the life of Susan B. Anthony. And I am told that Hazel, who is working with the suffragists in the Congressional Union camp, has stolen a march on the union's rivals, the National American Woman Suffrage Association, or something that sounds equally formidable, and has depicted the quaint Quaker, Miss Anthony, as a militant of the deepest dye. You know the other long-named suffragists have been throwing stones at the union for calling them militant, and now comes along the feminine, dainty, and blue-eyed Hazel with her pageant.

Sunday.

which has a "mob scene" and another episode where Miss Anthony is shown crowding her way through an audience at Philadelphia to read her Woman's Declaration of Rights, just after some more man had read the Declaration of Independence.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Lee Phillips have leased their house in H street for the winter and who do you suppose have taken it? The Oscar T. Crosby's. They are now at their Warrenton home, after several months abroad, but are expected to come to Washington about the middle of January. They have not spent much time in town since Juliette and Celeste, the two younger girls, grew up; but it is on the cards that they will be as popular with the younger set as Miriam Crosby, now Countess Caracoleo, was.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips have not yet formulated their plans, but it is probable they will take an apartment at the Albany for a few weeks and later they may go South. Mr. Phillips takes his little daughter, Mary Lee, to school every morning and the pair, usually in animated conversation, are a familiar sight to all the early morning promenaders on Connecticut avenue.

The Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels are to have a regular old-fashioned Christmas house party for the holidays, with all their boys and "sisters" and their cousins and their aunts about them. It has been their invariable custom for years to entertain at Christmas time just as numerous a family party as they could possibly bring together. Preparations for Christmas dinner and all sorts of jollifications are already in order.

Do you tal, Susan? Heaven knows how this stand recreation has been revived, but it seems to have put the knitting of last year quite in the shade. The women even tal on the street cars, playing their funny little shuffles busily between jerks. I noticed the other morning that one canny soul had a friend read the paper to her as she strolled luxuriously. Two or three school teachers of my acquaintance keep their busy fingers flying all the time they are hearing recitations, the pastime has penetrated to the theaters, and so it goes. The question is, Will the tattling population consent to be called tattlers?

Mrs. Hughes Gilpin is perturbed lest the guests she has invited to tea on Friday to meet Mrs. Peter Wheeler lose themselves en route. She is still at the Ontario, where she has lived for several years; but she has given up her apartment on the first floor and taken one on the sixth, in the west wing. The entrance is through the west door. I'm looking forward to the tea with a great deal of pleasure, for Mrs. Gilpin gives charming parties and I hear Mrs. Wheeler is a dear.

There, my dear, I hear an insistent honk, honk under my window, and I'm off for a ride in the country I must depart.

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JEAN ELIOT.

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